

Tommy Sands

"There Were Roses"

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So my song for you this evening, it's not to make you
sad
Nor for adding to the sorrows of our troubled northern
land
But lately I've been thinking and it just won't leave my
mind
I'll tell you of two friends of mine who were both good
friends of mine

Isaac Scott from Banagh, he lived just across the fields
A great man for the music, the dancing and the reels
McDonald came from South Armagh to court young
Alice fair
And we often met on the Ryan Road and laughter filled
the air

-Chorus-

There were roses, roses
There were roses
And the tears of a people ran together

Now Isaac he was Protestant and Sean was Catholic
born
But it never made a difference, for the friendship it
was strong
And sometimes in the evening when we heard the
sound of drums
We said it won't divide us, we always will be one

For the ground our fathers plowed in, the soil it is the
same
And the places where we say our prayers have just got
different names
We talked about the friends who'd died and hoped
there'd be no more
It was little then we realized the tragedy in store

-Chorus-

It was on a Sunday morning when the awful news came
round

Another killing had been done just outside Newry Town
We knew that Isaac danced up there, we knew he liked
the band
But when we heard that he was dead we just could not
understand

We gathered round the graveside on a cold and rainy
day
The minister he closed his eyes and for no revenge he
prayed
And all of us who knew him from along the Ryan Road
We bowed our heads and said a prayer for the resting
of his soul

-Chorus-

Now fear it filled the countryside there was fear in
every home
When late at night a car came prowling round the Ryan
Road
A Catholic would be killed tonight to even up the score
Oh Christ it's young McDonald they've taken from the
door

Isaac was my friend! he cried, he begged them with his
tears
But centuries of hatred have ears that do not hear
An eye for an eye, it was all that filled their minds
And another eye for another eye till everyone is blind

-Chorus-

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sad
Nor for adding to the sorrows of our troubled northern
land
But lately I've been thinking and it just won't leave my
mind
I'll tell you of two friends of mine who were both good
friends of mine

Now I don't know where the moral is or where this song
should end
But I wonder just how many wars are fought between
good friends
And those who give the orders are not the ones to die
It's Scott and McDonald and the likes of you and I

There were roses, roses
There were roses
And the tears of a people ran together

There were roses, roses
There were roses....

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